



"STRAIGHT ON TILL YOU COME TO 'NO THOROUGHFARE'; UP THAT AND TURN TO YOUR LEFT DOWN 'FORBIDDEN TO CYCLISTS'; LEFT AGAIN ALONG 'STRICTLY PRIVATE'; SHARP TO THE RIGHT THROUGH THE WOOD MARKED 'TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'; THEN ASK A BOBBY."

MR. PUNCH'S CITY COLUMN.

THE Money Market was in rather a depressed condition to-day. Consols fell a sixteenth—partly on account of rumours of a Suffragette revolution and partly because the hints that Mr. CHURCHILL will be offered a Cabinet position still continue.

American Rails were very dull on the announcement that Mr. ROCKEFELLER purposed giving ten millions to educational work in the States. It was thought that this signifies an all-round reduction in shareholders' dividends.

Newspaper shares were lifeless, the dearth of interesting murders and the superabundance of Mr. HALDANE's speeches placing the control of this market entirely in the hands of the bears. British Weeklies alone offered a passive resistance to the efforts of operators for the fall.

The £300,000 ten per cent. loan issued by the City of Bagdad has been taken up eagerly by local investors. It is understood that the prospectuses were not distributed as usual through the post, but left at capitalists' houses by the Bastinado Guard, with the intimation

that the Head Impaler would call next day for applications.

Marked activity was observed in Westminster Collieries. The extent of the boring increases daily, and it is felt on the market that something may eventually come of it. There are rumours of large buying of deferred shares by a powerful waste-paper syndicate.

A decided spurt took place in Empire Diamond Fields. The report of the Company's expert, that though the property does not appear diamondiferous yet the seventy square miles of desert would make an admirable camel or ostrich farm, being regarded as a bull point. The pound shares were quoted at 1½d.—2d. (ex dividend).

The fall in Amalgamated Air-ships continues. Wall-papers stick much as they were. Bleachers are still colourless. The purchase of Exeter Hall by a catering syndicate was regarded as a bull point for breweries and distilleries, and caused a sympathetic rise in De Beers. Chatham and Dovers were slow to move. There was a disconnected demand for National Telephones.

A rumour that Mr. G. B. SHAW and

Mr. ZANGWILL would both join the Directorate of the new *Times* Publishing Trust made no difference at all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PRIVY COUNCILLOR."—The letter you send from Messrs. HOPE AND HONOUR promising a weekly dividend of £12 2s. 3d. on every five pounds invested is not altogether to be relied upon. You had much better lose your money through a respectable member of the Stock Exchange.

"SPECULATOR."—Sorry my advice regarding Klondykes misled you. Owing to a printer's error my advice, "Sell for the fall," appeared in type as "Buy for the rise." These little slips will happen. Cannot say how low Klondykes will go, but should say about sixty degrees below zero.

"OIL KING."—The difference between bulling and bearing shares is this: If you are a bull you buy in hope of a rise and they fall; if you are a bear you buy in hope of a fall and they rise. Of course you need be neither bull nor bear, but simply purchase shares as an investment. Then they usually cease paying dividends.

Lord Cromer.

GREAT are the wonders that thy Kings of yore,
O ancient Egypt, reared beside the Nile—
Palace and Pyramid and storied pile
To stand in majesty for evermore:
Yet where is wonder greater than the reign
Of this wise Governor, who, trained for war,
Laid healing hands upon a nation's sore,
And established peace with plenty in her train?
O ancient Egypt, by whose sleepless flood
Yon mighty fanes uprose in ages dim,
Cemented by ten myriad toilers' blood,—
Which of thy rulers may compare with him
Who raised the poor, undid the oppressor's wrong,
And set the throne of Justice high and strong?

NATURE STUDIES.

THE MOTOR BUS.

I HAPPEN to be exceptionally well situated for studying the habits of the Motor Bus, for, living as I do within easy hail of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, I have only to stroll into Victoria Street at any moment of the day to see dozens of these vehicles thumping, clanking and snorting their swift and gaudy way to or from Westminster. Vanguards, Generals, and I know not what other types: for weeks and months past I have beheld these gigantic excrescences upon our modern civilisation tearing furiously and inexorably through the crowded traffic, and I think I am now qualified to pronounce upon them. I do not propose to take a side in the dreadful quarrel now raging between the haughty, nervous and delicate-nosed inhabitants of South Kensington, let us say, and the defiant proprietors of these motor cars for the million. If it be true that South Kensington is to become a depopulated waste because wheels make a noise and petrol-engines a smell, I fear that no effort on my part can prevent the catastrophe. I shall watch with interest the slow dwindling of the Cromwell Road, the attenuation of Queen's Gate, and the disappearance from human view of Rowland Gardens and the Boltons, confident in any case that I shall still have the Albert Hall, the Memorial, the Museums and the Brompton Oratory to fall back upon in times of trouble.

What chiefly strikes me about the Motor Bus is this: wherever I have investigated it I have never seen it without a complement of passengers, and yet nowhere have I beheld it pick up any. Dauntless old gentlemen, for whom the London streets seemed to hold no terrors, have placed themselves in advantageous positions, and have waved angry umbrellas and shouted "Hi-hi!" at the top of their admirable British voices; old ladies have courted death by stepping timidly out into the street in front of the advancing monster, and then flying back to the shelter of the pavement so as to express by an appropriate pantomime their desire that the monster should stop—but, as a matter of fact, the monster never has stopped. Sighs, imprecations, the agitated umbrellas of men, and the lifted, imploring hands of womanhood, have all been in vain, for the Bus has gone by without replenishing its burden. Why is this? Whence comes this amazing dislike of the Motor Bus to the picking up of passengers? And, further, how comes it that, in spite of this dislike, no Motor Bus is ever empty? I submit these questions to an intelligent public in the confident expectation that it will be found impossible to answer them.

As I walked slowly homeward last night along Victoria Street I was passed by a Motor Bus. It, too, was proceeding slowly, for the street, owing to a recent fall of rain, was very greasy. The hour was late and there were few other vehicles

abroad at that moment at this particular spot. Slowly, as I say, the Omnibus proceeded—slowly and in a straight line, faring onward to Victoria Station. Suddenly, close by the Army and Navy Stores, it seemed to waver. Then, gathering courage once more, it pranced skittishly forward with a sidling motion, and finally, pirouetting round until it faced towards Westminster, stopped in a kind of dishevelled amazement—like a scared mastodon. It had skidded, but the incident had evidently found it unprepared. Nothing could have equalled the fatuous solemnity, the almost exaggerated decency, with which it accomplished the manœuvre, and nothing could have been more grotesque than its manner of stopping. It seemed to shout loudly for help; I almost heard it calling the spectators to witness that after all it had behaved with dignity and propriety under circumstances that might have upset the best-bred Bus in the world.

When next I am told that the Motor Bus has come to stay, I shall permit myself to point out that the only moment when I myself have seen it at rest was after it had skidded and lost its head. Ordinarily it does not stay: it goes very rapidly somewhere else, and carries with it only such passengers as are under a contract to inhabit it permanently. And this is the engine that has lowered the rents and ruined the peace of South Kensington!

"WHAT OFT WAS THOUGHT."

"I hope you will soon recover from your disposition."—*Extract from a private letter.*

O GLORIOUS sentiment! Oft would I grope for it—
Scarcely dared hope for it,
Hardly could think

The feeling my soul was so frequently smitten with
Could have been written with
So little ink.

But now has my thought found the voice that it sought,
And the phrase has been brought
To my ken,

Through the strangest of haps, by the lapse of a chap's
Untutored and letterless pen.

When JONES, who, whenever he feels conversational,
Grows educational,
Starts to recall

The crimes of the Board and its red-tape futilities,
Storming his fill at his
Bête noir, Whitehall;

When he raves of Clause 3, or of Circular B.
When at paragraph D.

The man moans,
Then I long for the lore to restore you once more
From your disposition, dear JONES.

When BROWN starts to talk of his friends, ALFRED TENNYSON,
MAURICE (FRED DENISON),
TOMMY CARLYLE,

MAT ARNOLD, BOB BROWNING—his intimate talks with them,
Long country walks with them
Mile after mile;

When he tells how they roared at the sallies he scored
When they met at Bob's board
Up in town,

I wish—yes, I do!—I knew how to cure you
Of your disposition, dear BROWN.

When SMYTHE opens out on his family history—
Wonderful mystery

Full of romance—
Tells of the peers that the SMYTHES are related to,
How they've been mated to
Monarchs of France;



A CASE FOR RELIEF.

PATENT INCOME-TAX PATER. "THE GOV'NOR'S VERY AFFABLE, BUT—WHAT'S HE GOING TO TAKE OFF MY BACK?"



A JEST'S PROSPERITY.

Dealer. "THAT'S ONLY HIS FUN, SIR."

French Humourist (retiring promptly). "RATHER WOULD I MAKE ZE JOKE MYSELF. I LIKE NOT ZE FUNNY HORSE."

When he hints that the term non-SMYTHE connotes worm
Only fitted to squirm

And to writhe,
What would I endure to be sure of a cure
For your disposition, dear SMYTHE.

When I, in a moment of insight that frightens me
Whilst it enlightens me,
Suddenly learn

How I carp at the friends of my youth, picking holes in them,
Cursing the souls in them,
Each in its turn;

When I see that I'm all turned to wormwood and gall,
Though I've small enough call

To talk fine,
I cry (and, no doubt, others shout), "What about
This vile disposition of mine?"

BARGAINS THAT MAY COST YOU MORE.

UNDER the heading "Bargains by Post," one of our contemporaries (a bright little sheet called *The Daily Mail*) advertises a number of really useful and desirable things, such as coal, pianos, roll-top desks, and "four Rooms Furnished Complete." Without exception the sellers are making a sacrifice, and the buyers are assured of a bargain.

The advantage of the new method of shopping by post is enormous, especially to the Post Office. Take the simple illustration of coals. A ton of coals—and no self-respecting

householder would order less than a ton—direct from the colliery should cost something like 22s. 6d. If the purchaser decides to have these sent to him by letter post, he may receive them in one parcel, the postage of which at inland letter rate will be £37 6s. 8d. Should the purchaser reside abroad, postage would be £746 13s. 4d. for any country not a British Colony or Possession. In either case, the fee for registration would be twopence extra. By parcels post, however, the postage would be less. For addresses inland £10 4s. would cover it; the rates for foreign lands vary, and our space is as limited as our capacity for statistical computation. But in the case of parcel post, as a limit of 11 lb. is set, the ton of coals would have to be sent in 204 packages, which would be absurd. These calculations are made on the assumption that the postage is prepaid. The charges would be double if the postage were not prepaid. We are not strong enough to work it out exactly, but we calculate roughly that the penny stamps required for a ton of coals by post would extend in a single strip from *Punch* Office to Piccadilly Circus and a little bit farther.

A ton of coal, then, would cost anything from £38 9s. 4d. to £747 16s. It will be obvious to our readers, therefore, that "Bargains by Post" is a column worth watching. We may perhaps add that pianos would come a little cheaper than coals, if the purchaser had no particular choice.

GOING ONE BETTER THAN MR. JESSE COLLINGS.—Senator Foraker. But what has he done with the cow?

LITTLE SHOWS FOR LARGE WINDOWS.

III.

I NEED hardly explain that, when I wrote last week of an enterprising Commercial Concern to which I ventured to think my suggestion would recommend itself, I was referring to *The Times Book Club*.

There could scarcely be a more ideal stage for a Grand Spectacular Ballet Divertissement than the ground-floor of those palatial premises in Oxford Street—and there would be any amount of room for it, when once the "light elegant bookcases (our price 12s. 6d.)," the stacks of "*The International Cook Book*" (the "*Bargain for To-day*" at 5s. 9d.) and the large double-column placards contrasting the literary merit of American works, containing six hundred pages and fifteen plates, at 2s. 4d., with that of effete English fiction, with no more than 450 pages and a mere frontispiece, have been cleared out of the way. I do not presume to offer my own services, because I am too well aware that the Manager can get a suitable piece, infinitely cheaper and of superior quality, from the United States.

I merely submit the following little sketch as an illustration of what *might* be done.

Let us call it:

THE DEMON PUBLISHER
AND THE FAIRY TEMPORA.

THE OPENING (*A Dark Scene*)—A Mine of Wealth. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

The Demon Publisher is discovered in a lurid crimson glow, making eight hundred per cent. (*I do not see exactly how he can be represented as doing this—but the Management will, so THAT is of no consequence.*) Enter the Fairy Tempora. She has a round open face, divinely pale, on which crowded hours of glorious life have left their imprint, and large white wings (*these could be easily constructed out of the advertisement sheets*). She carries a golden wand surmounted by a spread-eagle.

She has come to plead the cause of Literature. She conjures up a vision on a transparency in the background, of a group of Retired Major-Generals, Rear-Admirals, Widows, and Country Clergymen, all lovers of Literature, but debarred from purchasing net books second-hand for a period of six months from publication!

Demon Publisher unmoved. She announces her intention to sell them "unspoilt" copies at once, and at a ruinous sacrifice. The Demon harshly forbids her to do anything of the kind. Enter his Creatures and Minions, the Authors and Booksellers. In her despair the Fairy appeals to them, declaring that her sole desire is to deliver them from the Tyrant who is holding them in thralldom. Under the Demon's evil influence they refuse to believe her. After intimating to them and the Demon that she is determined to achieve her purpose at all costs, she retires, more in sorrow than anger. Authors and Booksellers perform a dance of infatuated homage before the Demon Publisher as the scene closes.

SCENE II. (*in the adjoining window*)—An Open Market. Booksellers' stalls in background. On left, the D. P.'s Den. A crowd of Retired Major-Generals, &c., discovered in the last agonies of Literary Famine, waiting patiently for a four-and-sixpenny novel to come down to one-and-twopence. How long? How long?

Enter the Good Fairy, who expresses indignant sympathy. A band of Authors march on, blowing their own trumpets. Again the Fairy appeals to their good feeling, their own interests. In vain. They intimate coldly that they too have their living to make, and do not see their way to desert their old customers, the Booksellers.

No. X 57423 expires slowly of mental inanition.

Bent on relieving her starving protégée, the Fairy now

assumes various disguises, under which she enters the Demon Publisher's den and attempts to lay in stores on subscription terms. The D. P. is seen bowing her out politely, empty-handed. She has failed once more! She endeavours to touch the Booksellers, but they inform her, in pantomime, that they can only supply her with single copies at the same prices as the General Public.

Rather than endure the cries of her faithful followers, she consents even to these harsh terms. She purchases copy after copy net, and distributes them, unsoiled, at second-hand prices among the sufferers.

Their pangs are assuaged for the moment. The Authors and Booksellers look on with cynical satisfaction, but the poor Fairy realises that this, though magnificent, is not business; she is merely playing into their and the Demon's hands—and besides, even a fairy purse cannot stand the strain for an indefinite period. She must find some other weapon.

Suddenly she waves her wand. A convoy of gilded cars comes in—like *Roxane's* coach in *Cyrano*—carrying abundant supplies of cheap and filling American fiction. The Major-Generals, etc., seize on them with avidity. The Famine is stayed at last!—and the Demon and his Minions quail visibly as they see the crowd rapturously expressing their amazement at the quality of their new fare. [Tableau.]

SCENE III. (*in the window round the corner*).—In Queer Street.

Enter a Procession of Unemployed Authors and Booksellers, with banners and collecting boxes.

They complain, in dumb show, that it is *they* who are starving now. Thanks to the Fairy, the entire Book-loving Public has acquired such a passion for Transatlantic fiction that they have lost all taste for the less brainy articles of Home-manufacture.

Enter the Demon Publisher, also in reduced circumstances. The Demonstration curses him bitterly in by-play as the cause of all their misfortunes. He seeks to regain his lost ascendancy by specious representations that if they will only have courage and stick together all may yet be well.

At this crisis the Fairy Tempora re-appears. She mutely reproaches the Authors and Booksellers for their failure to recognise her as their best friend, but indicates that, even now, though the eleventh hour is drawing nigh, she is prepared to forget and forgive—on condition that they renounce their degrading allegiance to the Demon. The Authors are seen to waver. Presently, like the gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby's* drama, they "recollect to have heard a clock strike ten in their infancy, burst into tears, and become exemplary characters for ever afterwards."

Throwing themselves at the Fairy's feet, they penitently implore her to take their works henceforth on her own terms, and she graciously assures them of her patronage and protection so long as they succeed in pleasing her and her subscribers. The Retired Major-Generals, Rear-Admirals, Widows, and Country Clergymen rush in and fold the reclaimed Authors once more to their bosoms.

A *corps de ballet* of Minor Book Club Fairies dance on to share their Principal's triumph. The Demon Publisher, baffled and forsaken by all his dependants, sinks ignominiously through the earth, while the Booksellers—(*I confess I find myself in rather a difficulty here. I can't for the life of me see what the Booksellers' business is to be at this dénouement . . . However, I daresay the Manager of the T. B. C. will settle it for them. That is a detail of minor importance, so long as the curtain descends on a tableau representing the Fairy Tempora in a blaze of glory.*)

And yet, as I said before, I have misgivings that this particular piece will never have the honour of being produced by the T. B. C. Management. It is all right as far as it goes—but I fear their Manager will consider that it does not go quite far enough. F. A.

THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

THE CRIMINAL LITERARY AGENCY
(LIMITED).

Telegraphic Address: Crimes, London.

Telephone No.: 2 Hop.

Head Offices: Stonecutter Street.

Branch Offices: Pentonville, Dartmoor, Parkhurst, Wormwood Scrubs.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to inform you that we are now making our Spring Contracts. The C. L. A. is the only agency of its kind, and has been founded to meet the wants of Editors who desire ex-convicts, murderers, and burglars to write their reminiscences. We enclose herewith our new circular for the season.

We catch the convict at the prison-gates, just as his time is up, and retain him exclusively. Our list includes some of the most miserable blackguards of the age. By our process they become heroes.

WHY I MURDERED HENRY JIMM.

By ex-convict Y 234.

The JIMM murder was the cause célèbre of fifteen years ago. The man who did it was sentenced to penal servitude for life, as his case was taken up by a well-known firm of solicitors, whose speciality is the reprieving of criminals. Here ex-convict Y 234 relates the thrilling story afresh with delightful touches of humour. Price, £10 10s. a thousand words.

DO YOU THINK I WAS GUILTY?

By William Bludjohn (ex-convict W 3213).

WILLIAM BLUDJOHN was arrested, tried and found guilty twenty years ago for the murder of three policemen, his brother, and his sweetheart. There were extenuating circumstances at the time, and BLUDJOHN, who has never ceased to protest his innocence, was sentenced to twenty-five years' penal servitude. Everybody loved him in the prison, and he rose to be the confidant of the Governor. He has just been released, and we promptly got hold of him. "Do you think I was guilty?" might be truly described as a Sikeological romance.

*** In connection with this, editors could offer £100 for the best reply to the engrossing question, "Was WILLIAM BLUDJOHN guilty?" Price same as above, or by the yard if desired.

CONVICT CHARLIE'S COLUMN.

This is quite a natty idea in popular journalism. CONVICT CHARLIE is the veil behind which a famous swindler, forger, and thief hides his identity. It is a change from the insipid "Chats to the Chits," or "Talks for the Tots," though it is modelled on the same lines. CONVICT CHARLIE discourses easily on such subjects as "How to Forge a Signature," "How to Crack a Crib," "How to Kill a Warder."



Cabby (to whom 'cellist has handed a shilling). "WOT'S THIS, GUV'NOR?"

Musician. "YOUR FARE."

Cabby. "MY FARE? AND WOT ABART THE FLUTE?"

He has been called the WILLIAM LE QUEUX of prison romance, for he is the author of that delightful story which ran for two years serially in *The Home Weekly*—"The Bloodstained Cell."

CONVICT CHARLIE'S Column will double the circulation of any paper in a week.

Testimonial from an ex-convict who was an ex-editor: "I used to read 'CONVICT CHARLIE'S Column' every week, so that I thought I'd try some of his dodges myself. I did. Now I am earning £6 6s. a week from you for my prison recollections."

Price £20 a column. It's worth it.

We have also on hand a number of fraudulent financiers whose time has expired, and who are busy writing for us. We can hire these out to syndicates to use as they wish. They are useful for week-end parties in country houses. The peerage loves them. They can write anything, and they are adepts at using the same material in different forms according to the different papers.

Terms on application to the
CRIMINAL LITERARY AGENCY.

THE WASTRELS AGAIN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For many years Thomas was a faithful retainer of our family. Humble, self-effacing and efficient, he did his work so quietly and so well, that as cook used to say, "Never in this world I see the ekil o' that blessed cat."

But alas, he was too good for this troubled sphere. And an end was put to our bliss.

One cold dawn Thomas set forth, so it is supposed, to catch his morning mouse. In the semi-obscurity of the larder he encountered cook, who, in an unhappy moment, stepped on Thomas "unbeknownst."

Let us draw a veil over that scene. Cook is a personable woman; and it is well known that on such occasions, the more hearty the cook, the less hearty the cat. And so it was here.

To cut short a harrowing story, after two days of suffering Thomas turned his face to the wall and made a good end.

Now, Mr. Punch, mark what follows.

My own idea was that a simple soap-box should receive the dear remains, and that they should be buried in some green nook in the back yard, with a short inscription such as "Furry but Faithful" rudely carved over it. Such would have been a fitting resting place for one so trusty and so unassuming.

Cook wanted something more tasty, and, while the meeting was still undecided, a kitchen maid, who possessed the susceptibilities of a motor-bus, consigned Thomas's mortal part to the uncouth hands of the Corporation dust-man; by whom it was spirited away, in the ignoble company of sardine tins and Chicago tongues, to a neighbouring bin.

Your readers may not be aware that it is the custom of some Municipal Corporations to remove the refuse of the city to some secret spot, where undisturbed they may work their wicked will upon it. The will of the local tyrants of the community from which I write, and which Thomas once adorned, is to convert the spoils of their grubblings into bricks, by subjecting them to a high pressure.

Oh, Thomas, Thomas, is this thy fate? This the guerdon of thy laborious life; thy battalions of mice, most dutifully slain? Thou art a brick. Not different, Tom, from other bricks. Bearing upon thy smooth face no word, no mark, no little sign, to tell how much of honesty and worth has been packed (under high pressure) into so small a compass.

Nay, worse!! We know not, Tommy, no, not even cook, into what space (given sufficient pressure) thou wilt compress.

Thou mayst be only half a brick; and to what base uses put!

So, Mr. Punch, pray allow me space in your invaluable paper to expose this scandal, and oblige,

Yours, &c., ANTI-BUMBLE.

P.S.—One consolation remains. One chance that crass stupidity, and gross official greed, may overreach themselves, and find their schemes recoil upon their own heads.

In your ear, Mr. Punch. From what we know of Thomas, we think he will make an indifferent brick.

Read the following lines, Mr. Punch, and weep.

Our Thomas was a cat of parts,
Well versed in every trick,
Master of more than feline arts—
In brief he was a brick.

One day he heard the angels call,
And feeling deadly sick,
He turned his whiskers to the wall,
And ceased to be a brick.

The Borough Council's minions came
And took the carcase quick,
And under pressure (Shame! Oshame!)
Reduced it to a brick.

But not the kind he was before
They did this dastard trick;
Thomas is not himself once more,
He is another brick!

THE LATEST ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISERS who dislike paying money for *réclame* should take pattern by the ingenious Mr. JOHN LANE, of the Bodley Head. Mr. LANE's premises being recently rifled by a burglar, he took occasion to send to the *Westminster Gazette* an account of the depredations, enumerating therein the books which were missing, with a particularity that on any less exciting occasion might have cost him several pounds.

We expect to see other folk with wares to sell following suit. Indeed, one has already done so, as the appended letter, which we have just received, indicates:

MEDICAL BURGLARY.

SIR,—You will, I am sure, be both interested and pained by the story which I have to tell you. On reaching my premises this morning I found that they had been visited during the night by a burglar. His choice of my articles was so curious that I cannot refrain from telling you all about it. Of the famous Pain Killer, 1s. 1½d. large bottle, he took twenty bottles, or enough to cure any complaint there is (even, I hope, acquisitiveness). He also took two huge albums full of testimonials from thousands of people to whom this Pain Killer has been a boon unspeakable. He took, further, fifty boxes of "Ruddy Pellets for the Wan," and they are, I doubt not, doing good either to himself or his anæmic

relatives and friends. Anæmia, I need scarcely point out, is a malady incident to livers in a great city, and nothing is so beneficial to it as these same Ruddy Pellets (in two sizes of box, 1s. and 2s. 6d.). *A propos* of livers, I should say that he took thirty-five bottles of my world-famous Bile Champagne, a remedy that has never been known to fail. Altogether, I think you will agree with me that the burglar chose well, and is likely, whatever his moral future may be, to live long and healthily. I am,

Yours, &c.,
JABEZ KNOSTRUM.

ZOOLOGICAL SEQUELS.

[*"FALSE TEETH FOR A PYTHON.*—Mr. DITMARS, the curator at the Bronx Park Zoological Gardens, New York, assisted by sixteen labourers, has pulled all the teeth of *Salome*, a 265-pound python. He will equip her with a set of false teeth."—*Daily paper.*]

The following current advertisements taken from *The Bun* are, presumably, the sequel of the above.

PROTRACTED PASTILLES.

ALL GIRAFFES USE THEM.

Sold in three-foot Tubes and go down Any Throat. Distance no object.

Leopards!

TRY

PUMACEA.

It touches every spot.

Whales and others wishing to reduce the figure should communicate with

WHITEBAIT, GREENWICH.

Blushing.

A lobster who has prevented himself from contracting this distressing trouble (by remaining in the sea), will send particulars on receipt of address.

TO PYTHONS.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Men's Wear.

"Encrusted with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, the Shah owns a pipe valued at £60,000, which he smokes only on State occasions."
Glasgow Evening News.

THE SHAH, in his novel smoking jacket, reads almost as expensively as his pipe.

A Chance for Scorchers.

"Junior reporter wanted; young, cyclist; state speed."—*Yorkshire Post.*



INFERENCE.

Jack (who always has to take over his elder brother's old clothes and other relics). "MOTHER, W-W-WILL I HAVE TO MARRY BOBBIE'S WIDOW WHEN HE DIES?"

AN ANTICIPATION.

[The "Social Democratic Federation," in a manifesto on Mr. HALDANE'S scheme, asserts that soldiers ought only to be led by officers they have chosen themselves.]

THE vision seemed a trifle unexpected, I admit, Of Private THOMAS ATKINS in electioneering kit; A red rosette adorned his cap, he wore an overcoat Embroidered with the strange device, "Vote up, ye beggars, vote!"

While this was the assertion that the flag he carried made: "JONES! He's the man! And down with all compulsory parade!"

"My friend,"—thus I accosted him—"may I presume to ask The meaning of your rather extraordinary task? Is it a Tory stronghold that you sally forth to storm, Or are you bent on furthering Municipal Reform? I always thought that soldiers weren't allowed to interfere" ... "Chuck it!" he cried. "I'm precious dry. Give us a drop of beer!"

The Dragon's handy ... yes, a pint o' bitter. 'Ere's to you! Electioneering? Well, you bet! An' keen as mustard, too, Seeing as 'ow the comfort of us 'angs on the event— We're voting for a Kernel to command the regiment!

"Yes, Mr. 'ALDANE's followed up the S. D. F. designs; We're running all the blooming show on demmercratic lines. 'And what are they?' I answers, with un'esitating voice, 'The soldiers' blooming officers must be the soldiers' choice!'

Our Kernel's got to be a man wot THOMAS A. can trust— And that is why I'm canvassing an' working fit to bust! 'The candidates?' Ay, two there are: the second-in-command—

That's Major THOMSON, D.S.O.—'e fought in S'maliland; A plucky sort o' josses, but a blessed martinet— 'E'll never be no Kernel o' the regiment, you bet! 'Distinguished record?' As you like; that isn't *our* affair— 'E may be BOBS an' KITCHENER in one, for all I care— I know 'e's keen on night-attacks, an' 'orrid down on drink— 'E'd like to clap the hinddependent soldier into clink! 'E may be all the papers say, 'e may be rather wuss— But, anyway, 'e ain't the man to 'ave command of us!

"JONES is the other candidate. The promises 'e's made Are free canteen, an' lots o' leave, an' optional parade. If right is right an' votes are votes in this henlightened land, It's Mister JONES will be to-night the Kernel in command! Well,—time to get to work again. There's fifty yet to poll. Bless demmercratic principles an' popular control!"

He went. And as I mused upon the altered state of things, The intellectual triumph which the right of suffrage brings, Afar I heard my THOMAS's reverberating tones: "JONES is the soldiers' candidate! Roll up, and vote for JONES!"

"Domesticated Yorkshire woman seeks situation as housekeeper to elderly gentleman. Lady preferred."—*Telegraph*.

KIND of a giddy harumfrodite.



THE NEW WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

(Correspondence.)

DEAR SIR,—IF A CADDIE IS HIRED FROM A VILLAGE FOUR MILES FROM THE GOLF LINKS, AND IS, AFTER FIVE ROUNDS AND A-HALF, OVERCOME BY FATIGUE AND SLEEP, IS HIS EMPLOYER RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS SAFE RETURN?—YOURS, ANXIOUS GOLFER.

CHARIVARIA.

THE King of the Belgians celebrated his seventy-second birthday last week. It is no doubt owing to a scarcity of newspaper correspondents in that part of the world that no reports of the scenes of enthusiasm which took place in the Congo Free State have yet come to hand.

People are asking who is the "small King Charles" whom the Queen, according to the newspapers, carried under her arm during the Spanish festivities? The suggestion that it was the popular King Carlos of Portugal is absurd, as his physique renders the feat impossible.

England is said to be reaping the advantage of being the first to produce a monster battleship. Other powers are now sending us orders for vessels with which to knock the *Dreadnought* into a cocked hat.

Some idea of the size of the *Dreadnought* may be gained from the time it took for the report of an explosion in the fore-part of the vessel to reach this country.

We wonder, by-the-bye, whether it is generally known that there is in our Navy a vessel considerably smaller than the *Dreadnought*, called the *Leviathan*. The *Dreadnought* is said to be highly

amused, and not to be above making nasty remarks when they meet.

The statement that the ships of the future will fly through the air would seem to have put the ships of the present day on their mettle, and quite a number of them have recently been trying to prove that they can, anyhow, sail on land. The Lords of the Admiralty, however, as a result of the *Trafalgar's* escapade, have decided not to countenance such experiments, and the *Trafalgar* now finds herself in the dock.

The *Express*, the other day, published an historical account of "The attempts made by man to emulate the birds." By a curious omission no mention was made of Lord Rosebery's famous impersonation of a raven.

We congratulate an old lady of seventy who has just won a competition in a contemporary, and will receive, as a prize, a motor bicycle.

Lightning struck a boot factory at Northampton one day last week, and sent a large chimney-stack crashing through the roof of a dwelling-house; but no one was hurt—which was a great sell for the lightning.

The American theatrical trusts have been snapping up our leading Music Hall artistes regardless of cost. Considerable satisfaction is expressed at the Zoo and in the Indian jungles that "Lockhart's Elephants" should have been offered £250 a week, and "Eight Lancashire Lads" only £150.

Bookmakers are complaining bitterly that the Act of Parliament which was passed in order to stamp out their business is causing them grave inconvenience.

A conference is being held in Washington between representatives of Mexico, Costa Rica, Salvador, and Guatemala, with the object of reaching an agreement for the maintenance of peace in Central America. It is hoped by optimists that each Republic, by a self-denying ordinance, will limit itself to one revolution per year.

"The Times" Day by Day:

ONLY last week we had occasion to reproach *The Times* for its ungenerous treatment of Mr. A. B. WALKLEY. And now we have just come across this in Mr. SONNENSCHNIG's latest Catalogue—a press cutting on a *Cyclopædia of Education*:—

"Here is a solid, well bound volume of 561 pages sold for half a crown. Compared with the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is up to date." *Times*.



HOMING.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 8.

—Among the ravishing pleasures of vanished youth was an occasional visit to the Christy Minstrels, seated all in a row, Banjo at one end, Bones at the other. The proud boast of the troupe was that they "never performed out of London." The spell is broken. The hall in which for a generation they made obvious jokes and sung sentimental ditties is now no more. Gone is inquiring Bones. Gone is respondent Banjo. Gone the interlocutor, whose family name, you remember, was JOHNSON. Christy Minstrels have gone and have left no address.

This afternoon, House re-assembling after Easter holidays, brings back a whiff of old memories. In Committee of Supply on Civil Service Estimates. Attendance small; interest languishing. Early in sitting BANBURY caused flush of excitement by taking exception to expenditure of £300 for "a shed for Lord Mayors in the park at Windsor." What Lord Mayors were doing at Windsor, and why they should have recourse to a shed, passed comprehension. Presently, after several repetitions of the phrase, it dawned upon puzzled audience that what BANBURY was talking about was not Lord Mayors but lawn mowers.

Curious how loyal cultivation of city accent can, with rapid intonation, confuse the identity of such absolutely diverse entities.

Committee recovering from consequences of this misapprehension when LEA of St. Pancras nipped in. As far as can be made out from a story frequently interrupted by CHAIRMAN, a Gentleman in the Cellars of His MAJESTY's household, also occupying apartments in the Royal Palace of St. James's, varies the monotony of existence by selling champagne on commission. LULU pleaded that the First Commissioner of Works had no jurisdiction in the matter. CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES ruled question out of order. LEA, temporarily snubbed, presently up again, dragging by the collar the anonymous Gentleman from the Cellar.

Barnaby Rudge's raven was accustomed irrelevantly to break in upon current conversation by remarks successfully imitating the drawing of corks. Thus Mr. LEA. In any pause or turn of

debate was heard the popping of a champagne cork, and there was the Member for East St. Pancras wanting to know about this denizen of the Palace of St. James's who had a sort of country residence in the cellars, and pushed (on commission) sale of the champagne of a foreign firm of shippers. Thought he had been got rid of when at opening of debate CHAIRMAN ruled him out of order. An hour and a half later he was moving the reduction of vote in order to have question thoroughly threshed out. Again, more sharply

Due reply forthcoming, Bones with preliminary rattle up again.

"Now, Massa B., what are you going to do for Holyrood Palace?"

Hitting his knee with drum of his banjo, next banging the crown of his head (all in a Parliamentary sense), the Banjoist suitably replied. So it went on by the hour, sound of the occasional drawing of a champagne cork below Gangway on Ministerial side indicating desire of Mr. LEA to get another look in with the mysterious, by this time limp, Gentleman from the Cellar, still held by collar.

May seem trivial; really meant business. Conditions ruling this evening are the very ones under which votes are liberally granted. LULU, an old Parliamentary Hand by descent and instinct, smiled genially at the antics of the end men. Sometimes he contributed a mild little joke, at which Committee, beginning to be bored with the Banjo and his insatiable interlocutor, gratefully laughed. But LULU got all his votes, with such rapidity that House was up at a quarter past eight.

Business done.—All votes save one in Board of Works estimates carried. Exception was the First Commissioner's salary.

"Leave it," said LULU, with generous gesture of right arm. "Never mind me. I'm but a worm. 'My country, 'tis of Thee.' Give me money to carry on public works. Let my salary stand over. 'Twill do in August when the guillotine is at work."

Committee so touched with this superb self-denial that they straightway proceeded to grant votes with both hands. Uneasiness grew upon reflection. All very well for LULU thus magnanimously to postpone vote for his salary. But will he in the meantime draw it quarterly?

Tuesday night.—The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR successfully preserves the traditions of his rôle. When his great prototype, contemplated a new move in his campaigns he issued a bulletin. According to contemporary criticism, these documents were not always illuminated by the lamp of Truth. In short, they were not the kind of thing GEORGE WASHINGTON would have penned. That is a detail which obviously has no bearing on the case under consideration.

British War Office does not recognise bulletins. Accordingly our NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE HALDANE from time to time



AFTER FORTY-NINE YEARS.

Mr. Punch (to LORD CROMER). "SORRY TO SAY GOOD-BYE, SIR. BUT NO ONE HAS EVER EARNED HIS REST SO WELL AS YOU; AND MAY YOU LONG ENJOY IT!"

snubbed by CHAIRMAN, temporarily desisted.

It was here the Christy Minstrel business began. BANBURY obliged with the banjo. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, at the other end of the semi-circle, took the part of Bones. Performance strictly followed old lines. Bones tossed the ball of interrogation to the Banjoist. That accomplished gentleman made elaborate reply.

"Now, Massa B.," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, though of course adopting Parliamentary form of address, "why should not Osborne be used as a convalescent home for private soldiers and seamen as well as for officers?"

issues a Memorandum. It is understood that these are necessary supplements to the brevity of speech imposed upon him at various initial stages of explanation of his great measure. Last night, whilst Bones and Banjo, as mentioned, indulged in dialectics, the inevitable Memorandum slowly circulated, adding fresh gloom to depression of the returning Eastertide revellers.

Study of it had disastrous effect on GEORGE WYNDHAM. Fresh from reading morning lessons in the parish church by Saughton Grange, he, in course of speech this afternoon on second reading of portentously entitled Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill, adventured a Biblical illustration. Has heard, or read, that nothing was more effective in JOHN BRIGHT's eloquence than such adornment. Everyone remembers the great Tribune's reference during the height of Reform controversy, forty years ago, to Cave of Adullam, an aside that added a word to the English language. We have no Adullamites in active force just now; but their name is enshrined in English history.

The almost-reverend GEORGE saw his opportunity in discussing provision of Bill which directs that special reservists are to be trained 120 at a time.

"No man," he emphatically declared, "has ever tried to do such a thing since the day when DAVID made an army by hiding men by fifties in a cave."

The few Unionists present laughed and cheered. How apt! How effective! Whaur's yer JOHNNIE BRIGHT noo?

EDWARD GREY, who followed, thought there was a mistake somewhere. "Was it DAVID," he timidly asked, "who hid men by fifties in a cave?" "If I recollect right," he continued, "when the men were hid in a cave they were fed on bread and water."

"No," cried another eminent Biblical authority, "on locusts and wild honey."

EDWARD GREY, on firmer ground here, thought that referred to another matter, and, finding the point increasingly embarrassing, quitted it.

"Ah!" said J. G. TALBOT, mopping moist eyes with big bandana, "this all comes of the Cowper-Temple Clause. If my right hon. friends had been in regular school attendance at nine o'clock in the morning, profiting by the lessons then provided, they would not have forgotten ORADIAH's kindly care of the hundred prophets harried by JEZEBEL."

Business done.—N. B. HALDANE moves the second reading of Army Bill. GEORGE WYNDHAM, adventuring upon classical quotation, shows how dangerous is a little learning.

For Battersea Town Hall?

"ENGRAVING for sale, Highland Mary and John Burns."—*Bazaar*.

DICK.

I've often heard old Dick declare,
When all the jovial throng was seated,
No joy could on this earth compare
With standin' treat and bein' treated—
"Purwidin' parties acted fair."

Seein' accordin' to his light,
He'd one remorse or two remorsees,
When he was sportish, 'an'some, bright,
He'd showed up green in backin'
'orses,

"And kissed but half the gels he might."

His sorrow: that one "Scotty Jim"

He'd tramped and fished with, every
weather,

Had crossed the Beck afront of him,
'Stead waitin' till they went together—
And Dick's own eyes "a-gettin' dim."

His faith: that when Time's web was
spun,

And he'd no legs to struggle through it,
Rememberin' all he'd left undone,

Sumpun would mind he meant to
do it,—

"And reckon that as half begun."

We liked him, some—includin' me.
(You'll guess from his philosophy
Old Dick kept queerish company.)

OUR BRIDGE COLUMN.

Answers.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, the ace of trumps is usually regarded as a safe trick even when played carelessly. Experienced players rarely make any effort to capture their opponent's ace.

X.Y.Z.—You will never be a good player till you can distinguish the Heart Convention from the Convention of Geneva.

JACK POINT writes that by mistake the joker was dealt with the pack. B. plays the same on A.'s ace of Spades. Who takes the trick?

This should be a matter for compromise.

JENNIE TOMPKINS.—"My bird sings" has actually very little in common with Bridge, but the training is certainly valuable.

FORWARD.—Charging is not allowable at Bridge. We cannot say offhand whether STEVE BLOOMER discards from weakness or strength.

MRS. BILLS complains that her daughter refused to say whether the Ace of Clubs had been played earlier in the game or not. We think your daughter's conduct most reprehensible. It is the spirit rather than the letter of the law which should be observed.

CAREFUL.—Only a bad player will hesitate to lead at the thirteenth trick, even though the odd depends upon it. It is emphatically a time for risks.

DR. SALEEBY states that he holds the reigning monarch of Octahedron crystals of carbon, his consort, and suite, whose altruistic tendencies are known to be undeveloped. The two squared of the same suit has been led. His *vis-à-vis*, an exceedingly irritable Colonel, is always speaking of finessing against your partner. He (SALEEBY) is anxious to maintain the former's equanimity, as considerable sums of the recognised medium of exchange depend upon the game, and indirectly upon his serenity. On the other hand the Colonel may contend that economical considerations should dictate his "taking the trick" with the card representative of the least facial value. Should he use deductive or inductive logic to convince his partner of the soundness of his own play?

The player should be guided by circumstances, but possibly physical arguments would be more forcible.

"Do We Believe?"

FROM the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday:

"Christ's Hospital annual sports were held on Saturday in delightful weather."—Page 4.

"In consequence of the inclement weather on Saturday the Christ's Hospital Sports were postponed until to-day."—Page 6.

We turned anxiously to Page 8 after this, fearing the worst; but the sub-editor of that page had preserved a mysterious silence over the whole affair.

Equality.

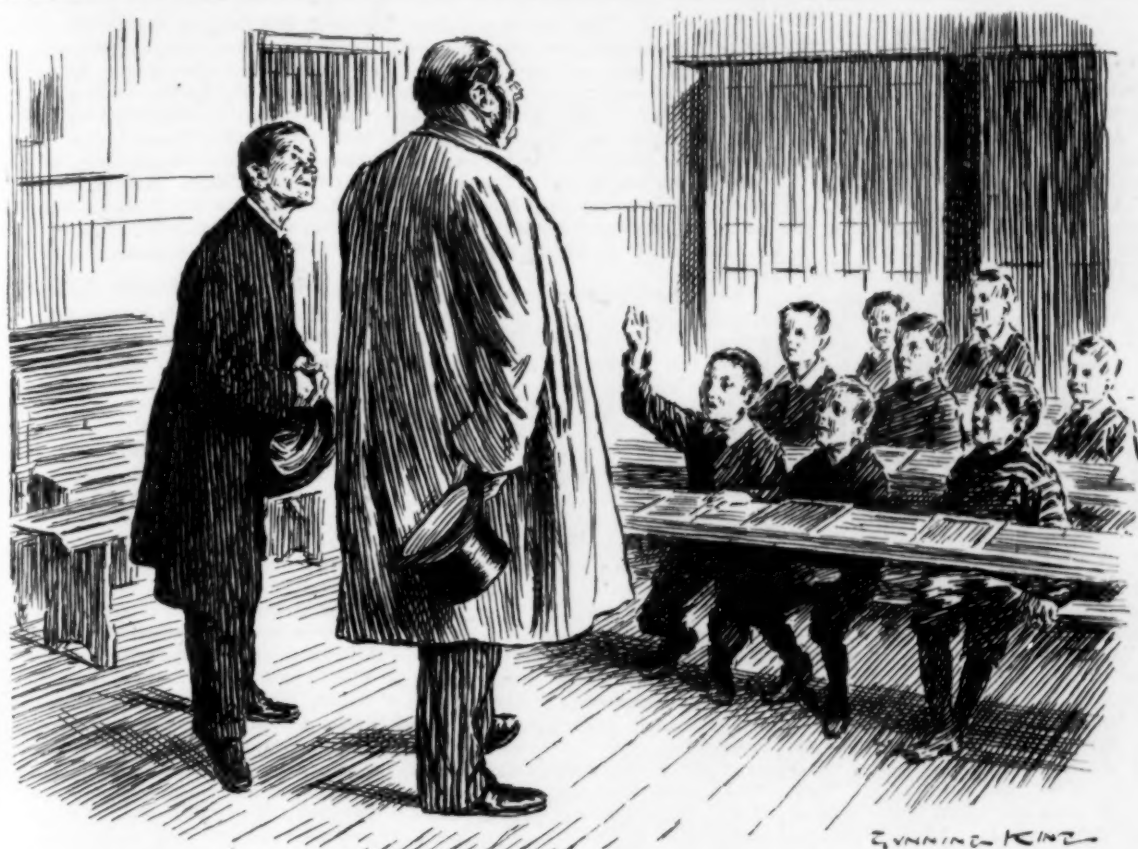
He is a cautious scribe who writes the Parliamentary column for *The Tribune*. One day last week, in the description of a debate in the House of Commons, he wrote of "Mr. MORTON, who spoke nearly as many times yesterday as Sir FREDERICK BANBURY," and half-a-dozen lines further on referred to "Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, who, for his part, spoke nearly as often as Mr. MORTON." Considering Mr. MORTON's achievement, we think Sir FREDERICK BANBURY did his part exceedingly well. It is not every man who can upset a first principle of mathematics in this way.

"£2 Reward.—Lost, small gold watch, made from sovereigns in second-class carriage on Easter Monday."—*Evening News*.

THAT is the way to get on in life. When this man is famous, and newspaper people come to ask him to what he owes his success, he can truly say that it began when as a poor barefoot boy he found himself in a second-class carriage on Easter Monday, and, undeterred by difficulties, started to make a small gold watch out of sovereigns.

Optimism.

NEVER say die! Even a clock that is broken has two good times every day. Law Courts, please copy.



E. VENNINGS-KING

Important Patron (after describing the great advantages now enjoyed by children). "I wish I were you children at school. (Pause; then ingratiatingly) Why do I wish this?"

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, 'COS YOU 'VE FORGOT ALL YOU EVER KNOWED!"

LITERARY STARS FOR AMERICA.

THE men of the moment are KLAU and ERLANGER.

They have the money.

They are the boys to watch.

Keep your eyes open for KLAU and ERLANGER.

They have now got all the music-hall stars they want and are buying up the literary stars.

America is wild about English authors, and KLAU and ERLANGER are the lads to give America what America wants.

THE CONSTELLATION TRUST.

THE WELKIN RING.

Greatest galaxy of Stars on Earth.

All British make.

Engaged at boss figures.

Two Performances Nightly.

Literature while you wait.

HALL CAINE,

Three-legged Expert
And Strident Raconteur.

MARIE CORELLI,

The Real Swan of Avon,
In her famous impersonation of
ANN HATHAWAY.

RITA,

The female FATHER VAUGHAN,
In Scarifying Anecdotes of the
London Four Hundred.

GILBERT PARKER.

Imperial Trombonist
and
Birch-barcarolle singer.

HILAIRE BELLOC,

The Meridional Merryman,
In his side-splitting Recitation
"How I became Member for Salford."

ALFRED AUSTIN,

England's Darling,
Will Recite His Own Poems
To a Vegetable Accompaniment.

LE Q.

Leading sensationalist,
In blood-curdling sketch entitled
"Forty Thrills in Twenty Minutes."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS,

Rustic Impersonator,
In a series of short sketches entitled
"Dramas of Dartmoor."

RUDYARD KIPLING,

Champion Jungler of the World,
With his troupe of Performing Animals.

H. G.

The Fabian Freak,
In his fascinating divertissement,
"Science, Sensation and Socialism."

CHESTERTON.

The Great What-is-it?
Contortionist and Juggler.
In reply to any question

CHESTERTON
will stand on his head
and remain there.

"The Hague Tribunal, instead of opposing submarines, should welcome them, as the first great battle where submarines are employed may possibly prove that the future of the mighty surface vessels is behind them."—*Engineer*.

UNDERNEATH them, more likely.

THE WAGER.

"... And Whereas the said Child is but eight months old and of a tearful disposition

"And Whereas the said Uncle has often been heard to boast that she 'wouldn't cry with him'

"And Whereas the said Father is of a mind to risk £5 (Five Pounds) on the same

"This Sheweth that the said Father will make all necessary arrangements whereby the said Uncle may be alone with the said Child for the space of Two Hours unhampered by the presence of interfering Females...

"And Moreover the said Father will hold himself responsible for any Breakages Loss of Memory or Damage by Fire that may occur to the said Child provided that reasonable care is exercised by the said Uncle..."

2-3. Where I made my mistake was in being too prolific of entertainment in the first hour. If I had sat her on my knee and recited *Paradise Lost* to her (as I had originally intended) until three o'clock, then I should have had some varieties for her in that terrible last hour, when it was so necessary to take her attention away from the facts that she was very hungry, very tired, and had a very bad pain inside. From two till three she would have been an angel with anybody. All my diverting ideas in that period were lost upon her—or so I thought until I came to repeat them later on, when it became evident from her manner that she had met them before somewhere, and was tired of them.

I shall not recount, therefore, my efforts in the first hour to paint the lily—to make (that is) an angel good. It is sufficient to say that we walked round the room and saw everything, sat on all the chairs in all the positions, knocked all the photograph frames over, and swallowed as much of the blind-cord as nature and the upholsterer allowed. At three o'clock I looked, first at the baby and then at my watch, and I began to get anxious.

From 3-3.10 we ate *The Daily Mail*—more particularly the magazine page about how to bring up children. There were two or three papers on the table; and I held her by the legs while she browsed at will among the master-minds.

3.10-3.12. A change of some sort became necessary. We sat down on the sofa and took off her socks.

3.12-3.15. We put one sock on again. She wanted to eat the other.

3.15-3.20. I whistled *La Petite Tonkinoise* to her. She wasn't very keen, and got me by the ear.

3.20-3.25. The Anchor position. I sat on a small chair, and she hung head downwards, and examined the legs of the thing to see if it really was Chippendale. At 3.25 I hauled her back and told her rather a dull story about a young lady resident of Banbury who had bells on her fingers and—Heaven knows what else, because just then she got position again, and stayed there till 3.30.

3.30. Ate all about the Colonial Premiers.

3.35. Very keen on a vase of flowers. Knocked it over to see if it really had got water inside. As this seemed to amuse her, I knocked over two more. She didn't see me knock over the third one, being intent on *The Daily Mail* again, which was a pity as it had more water in than any of the others. Partly out of pique and partly because I know her mother would have liked it, I took the paper away from her.

3.40. A terrible time. She began to whimper, so I rushed round the table with her. Rounding Tattenham Corner we bumped the rails. There was an awful silence, and her face began to screw up.

"Baby, Baby, don't cry, there's a darling!" I implored. "There, there—yes, you shall have the paper again. There, Baby. The 'Letters of an Englishman.' Yes, eat away, dear—that's right."

3.45. A crowded five minutes. Took off a sock, ate a blouse pattern, saw my watch fly open (three times), put her foot in my eye, and tried to shake hands with herself in the looking-glass.

3.50. The Anchor position.

3.51. On her back with her feet in the air, trying to realise which little pig really went to market. Not quite sure myself. Only eight minutes more.

3.52. On her front in maiden meditation.

3.53. On my shoulder. Only six minutes more. She is on the very verge of tears.

3.54. On her front again. I am reciting *Paradise Lost* to her, but I am afraid it is too late.

3.55. We got up and sat down on every chair in the room. Tried every position in each chair. Two awful minutes dragged past.

3.57. Perfectly sweet for two whole minutes. She looked at me with an angelic smile, as if she had just seen me. She really is a darling... and her father has lost £5, I'm afraid.

3.59. "Help, help, help! No, Baby, don't be absurd... Baby! Baby!"

Sixty seconds more, and her eyes were screwed up, and her mouth was opening slowly. There was only one thing to do. A tip from her father, which I remembered just in time. I swung her up and down violently three times....

She is a determined baby and will

only do one thing at a time. She looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"All right," she seemed to say as she caught her breath again and then again. "Just you wait till I've finished these. I've had them before, and I don't quite know what they are, but they don't last long. And then—"

But then the clock struck four... and her mother came in....

SLOANE AND TRAFALGAR SQUARES.

If the managers of theatres will only give me such excellent entertainment as the second Act of Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS's *Votes for Women!* at the Court Theatre, which is simply a picture, wonderfully well arranged and splendidly acted, of a meeting in Trafalgar Square, I do not care if there is a play, in the ordinary sense, at all. I make this remark because in this case the play proper—Mrs. GRUNDY may think some of it slightly improper, but I hope not—was rather a bore, and I imagine that it was thrown in as a concession, which in my important case was unnecessary. I imagine the manager to have said to Miss ROBINS: "This propaganda business is most interesting, and I think we can make a tremendous effect with your Trafalgar Square scene. But I'm afraid—it's a great nuisance—those absurd critics, you know—I'm afraid we must have what they call a plot. I'm afraid you must cut out your workshop scene and your hospital scene, and replace them with a drawing-room interior and a story. Anything will do: take it off the peg: pick it where you like: the Trafalgar Square Act will make the success of the play, but a story—I'm so sorry—we must have." It was a thousand pities, for the story Miss ROBINS chose is unoriginal and theatrical and weak to a degree.

Of course you cannot prove anything in a play. At the most, you can state a case, or, if a reform is in question, present an unpleasant state of affairs which, you suggest, would be remedied if your reform were carried out. Miss ROBINS's plot does not even that. A young woman and young man had lived together and parted. Ten years later they meet, and, though apparently they live in the same society, are theatrically shocked. The man, who is now a rising statesman with designs on the Cabinet, is engaged to be married to someone else, and this latter young person conceives the bright idea, when she understands their relations in the past, that even two people who thoroughly dislike one another, and had separated with mutual reproaches ten years before, ought to marry. And the man actually insults the woman by offering this "reparation," and she says, No, but that what he must

do is to devote himself to the cause of female suffrage, and he says, All right, I will; and—I congratulate the cause on such a clear-headed adherent. This tiresome story shows nothing: if women had twenty votes each, the probabilities or improbabilities of it would have been the same. It is artificial and merely theatrical, and is an astonishing thing to come from the author of *The Magnetic North*—a masterpiece of sincere thought and observation. She calls it "a dramatic tract," and it contains—all these unpleasant remarks refer to Acts I. and III.—a good deal of sound talk and illustration of the villainies that are done on women by blackguards—employers of female labour and others—and so far may advance the cause, but the story is a mistake.

Its theatricality infects the players, Miss WYNNE MATTHISON, Mr. AUBREY SMITH and others, and makes them show badly by contrast with the chief players in Act II. For this scene is not only wonderfully stage-managed, perhaps the greatest of Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER'S triumphs, but is played to perfection. Mr. EDMUND GWENN as a Labour leader, Miss AGNES THOMAS as a working-woman speaker, and Miss DOROTHY MINTO as a militant young leader in the cause, are all magnificent. I think they have taken their models very directly from life—Mr. GWENN reminded me of the JOHN BURNS of fifteen years ago—and it is life they give you. Opinion, with which I am not concerned, put aside, I advise every superior person who merely sniffs at this movement to see the Second Act of this play and understand how it is that such speakers have the influence which puzzles him. The crowd was perfect also. Miss MATTHISON, too, made a speech, but it was neither so well written nor so well delivered as the others, and a little marred the reality of the scene: Trafalgar Square would not have been patient with it. I shall go to see this Act again, but, to be frank, I shall omit the other two. RUE.

"The Kaiser in welcoming the new French Ambassador made a cordial speech, promising his aid in the work of reconciling the two great nations. This object, he says, is one great nations. This object, he said, is one countries." —*Manchester Guardian*.

THERE'S reporting for you. Why, we can almost hear the foreign accent as the KAISER explains what his object really is.

"The retailers of Sunderland and district are taking up the matter of the cutting of playing cards and pictorial post cards, two burning questions with the trade at the moment." —*Stationers' Gazette*.

WE take no interest in pictorial post cards, but we still think that the cutting of playing cards should be left to the person on the left of the dealer.



OUTRAGED INNOCENCE.

First Workman. "E SAID 'E SAW ME 'URRY. 'E DIDN'T SEE ME 'URRY. 'E MUST HAVE SEEN YOU 'URRY."

Second Workman (stung to the quick). "E NEVER SAW ME 'URRY. I NEVER 'URRY."

A BALLADE OF THE BACKS.

I LIKE my cousin; only she's
A Cambridge girl, and when I tried
To show her what I thought would please,
And play the Ciceronian guide,
She metaphorically "shied"
At all my darkly blue attacks,
And to each point I made, replied,
"You've nothing like the Cambridge
Backs."

I thought the stately lines of trees,
Through which the Cher and Isis glide,
Would win her heart, but even these
It was her humour to deride;
E'en The Ashmolean she defied,
And still (the thought my bosom racks)
In smooth "Fitzbilliambs" cried,
"You've nothing like the Cambridge
Backs."

We reached "The High;" "Now then,
LOUISE,"
Said I (as Univ. we espied),

"Don't tell me Peterhouse or Caius
Can match this pile;" but, cut and
dried,
Her swift retort my hopes belied;
"One thing," she cooed, "your City lacks,
Though you have prospects fair and
wide,
You've nothing like the Cambridge
Backs."

L'Envoi.

Oxonians, doff your naughty pride,
And go and put your heads in sacks;
Though you may boast the Oxford Side,
You've nothing like the Cambridge
Backs!

"All the discharge notices have been suspended until 31st April in order to give the War Office time to further consider the position." —*Star*.

HENCE the expression "adjourned sine die," so commonly used when the War Office considers a position.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE main purpose of *Conflict* (CONSTABLE), by CONSTANCE SMEDLEY, is to show that a plain girl-clerk, suddenly established at the head of a large business firm, may prove herself the match of any man in commercial vigour and integrity, and at the same time have her fair share of feminine romance. The author tempers the pardonable arbitrariness of her design by a certain measure of broad-minded philosophy. Unfortunately her knowledge of women is not balanced by an equal experience of men, and it is clear that she understands the workaday world far better than the more lurid aspects of life which are here made to serve as its foil. Her City man *Curier*, the lady-killer, who "raced and figured at fashionable gatherings, and was a personage whose doings were chronicled by the London papers," is a figure out of old Adelphi melodrama. Many of her scenes, though sometimes needlessly expanded, show real power and even nobility of thought, but the absence of literary style and the tendency to drop into a mode of diction that is alternately slipshod and tawdry, are grave defects in what might have been a serious achievement. We are told of *Mary*, the heroine, that she wore "a green bodice sandwiched on to a brown skirt;" that she "stood close up against the whirling wheel of industry; her young strength pushed the rim." This feat is only equalled by that of her counterpart, *Mrs. Ellestree*, who, in a spasm of emotion, when contemplating elopement, "leaned against the bedroom." The unhappy lady had for her husband a brute of a pressman who smoked a pipe while in the act of helping himself to coffee and bacon at breakfast. This would go far to undermine connubial peace, yet "she upheld the chimera of his silent worship in a way that her friends called 'beautiful.'" Miss SMEDLEY should have known that the Chimera (as slain by Bellerophon) was a complicated and offensive monster, and not a picturesque theory.

I venture, with deference, to hope that before she publishes her next novel, whose appearance I anticipate with sincere pleasure, she will study some true stylist; and, since I dare not commend her to take lessons from one of my own sex, I would suggest that she should put herself under the tuition of that admirable writer, Miss MAY SINCLAIR. I trust, too, that she will make a better choice of quotations for the headings of her chapters, and not give us another series of commonplace tags from BROWNING interspersed with sentimental cuttings from the cat-opera, *Amasis*.

Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL is the last of the Whigs, within his still young life a potent factor in English politics. Only he remains, a precious possession for a new Century that has seen the birth of the Labour Party. He must

Feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose guests are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

"I was born a Whig," he writes, in the collection of papers happily named *Seeing and Hearing* (GRANT RICHARDS), "and brought up in a Whiggish society." It is in keeping with his subtle cynical humour that the chapters of his book originally appeared in the columns of a Manchester newspaper whose readers form a community probably as far remote from sympathy with Whiggism as the provinces provide. Their literary charm is however so compelling that they would overcome any local or racial prejudices. Mr. RUSSELL has read everything and remembers pointed passages at the right moment. His gossip about multiple subjects is the bright talk of a scholar and a man of the world, a rare combination. There was a book that instructed my youth called *Half-Hours with the Best Authors*. In this volume we have half-hours with GEORGE RUSSELL, chatting about such diverse subjects as Mourning, Oxford, Sunday in London, Wine and Water, Inns and Hotels, Publishers, Handwriting, Luncheon, Tea, Dinner, Supper, a sequence which, completing the ordered meals of the day, leaves us hungry for more. All are good, but a masterpiece of wise and witty talk about comparative

nothingness is achieved in the chapter relating to Cider, which leads up quite naturally to a learned disquisition on the Order of the Garter. Describing a day in the Season, Mr. RUSSELL alludes to a house "where there are ortolans for supper and the best band in London, but it is too sickening to be called 'My boy' by that bow-window bounder, the master of the house." Here is a touch of vivid portraiture that seems to recall a familiar personality. Who can it be? "I wonder," as BEERBOHM TREE used to say before the curtain fell on the last night of *The Red Lamp*.



PROPHETIC.

Voices from crowd (interested in aeronaut in difficulties). "PULL WITH YOUR RIGHT WING! BACK WATER WITH YOUR LEFT, YOU IDIOT! DIP YOUR HELM!"

The whole of *A Human Trinity* (METHUEN), by RONALD MACDONALD, is divided, like

the dog-eared Gaul of our schoolboy-days, into three parts. Part I, "The Three," introduces a mother, father and son, the two last of whom are unaware of each other's existence. Part II, "The Two," harks back to the beginning of things, and shows how it came about that *Tony Le Dane* was born the son of *Randolph Bethune*, the traveller, and *Lady Mary Frozier*, the artist (whom he supposed to be his aunt); and Part III, "The Trinity," or Three in One, explains how *Tony*, by insisting on the marriage of his newly found parents, fashioned of their three lives an isosceles triangle, in which the two equal sides, AB and AC, diverging from their vertex A, are joined to form a complete conventional figure by the third side or base BC. All three lines, AB, AC and BC, are "straight." There is some pretty love-making after the meeting of AB and AC, and BC, if at first a little inclined to resent the subordinate but useful function of the humble base, was not without excuse, and certainly played the game.

Bewildering Commercial Candour.

Stores gentleman (to suburban customer, in reply to a question as to when the goods would arrive). "One day we deliver there every day, madam, and the next day we deliver there every other day."